

254 THE PICTURE OF
DORIAN GRAY

Mrs. Lea: **was** crying and winging her
hands. Francis was as

pa!uS^"--: a -uarter of an hour, he got
the coachman and
me "V ^ fwtraen and crept upstairs
They knocked, but
??^v-Vr rmlv. They called out.
Everything was still.
l:"V ,-V;; ,,:r,jv t^ms to force the door,
they got on the
t^"a-r"r!roOT:d^v down"on to the
balcony. The windows
^•'-I7ssiiV:' their bolts were old.
VP"P-. thev'entered they found, hanging
upon the wall, a
^endi'd portrait of their master as they
had last seen him, in
TtS wonder of his exquisite youth and
beauty Lying op
t4 floor was a dead man, in evening
dress, with a knife m his
heart He was withered, wrinkled, and
loathsome of visage.
It was not till they had examined the
rings tuat they recognized
who it was.